

# MERRIMACK MAGAZINE

## AND

### LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

PUBLISHED BY WHITTINGHAM & JOHN GILMAN, NEWBURYPORT.

Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1806.

[No. 40.]

#### Selections.

"Furious, that the mind—studious of change  
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

#### EFFECTS OF ENVY AND JEALOUSY.

A TALE.

CONCLUDED.

UNDER these impressions, and in a very awkward state of mind, Sir Paul repaired to his library, where Lord Mortimer was expecting him in a situation of no less embarrassment, having conned over a speech for the purpose of introducing a proposal for an alliance between the families, and with a view to sound how Sir Paul might stand affected towards a match between his son Lionel and Miss Rachel.

As soon as the first ceremonies were over, which were not very speedily dismissed, as both parties were strict observers of the old rule of breeding, his Lordship began after his manner, to wind about by way of reconnoitering the ground, and having composed his features with much gravity and deliberation, began to open his honorable trenches as follows:

"In very truth, Sir Paul, I protest to you there are few things in life can give me more pleasure than to find my son Lionel so assiduous in his visits to this family." The Baronet, whose mind at this moment was not capable of adverting to any other idea but what had reference to his own jealousy, stared with amazement at this unexpected address, and was staggered how to reply to it; at last, with some hesitation and in a tone of ill-counterfeited raillery, he replied, that he truly believed there was one person in his family to whom Mr. Lionel's visits were particularly acceptable; and as this was a subject very near his heart, nay, that alone upon which the honor and happiness of him and his family depended, he assured his Lordship that it was with avidity he embraced the opportunity of coming to an explanation, which he hoped would be as confidential on his Lordship's part, as it should be on his own. There was something in the manner of Sir Paul's delivery, as well as in the matter of the speech itself, which alarmed the hereditary pride of the old peer, who drawing

himself up with great dignity, observed to Sir Paul, that for his son Lionel he had to say, that want of honor was never among his failings; nay, it was never to be charged with impunity against any of his family, and that to prevent any imputation of this sort from being grounded upon his son's assiduities to a certain lady, he had now sought this interview and explanation with his good friend and neighbor.

This was so kind a lift to Sir Paul's conception towards his favorite point, that he immediately exclaimed, "I see your Lordship is not unapprized of what is too conspicuous to be overlooked by any body, who is familiar in this house; but as I know your Lordship is a man of the nicest honor in your own person, I should hold myself essentially bound to you, if you would prevail upon your son to adopt the like principles towards a certain lady under this roof, and caution him to desist from those assiduities, which you yourself have noticed, and which to confess the truth to you, I cannot be a witness to without very great uneasiness and discontent."

Upon these words the peer started from his seat as nimbly as age would permit him, and with great firmness replied, "Sir Paul Testy, if this be your wish and desire, let me assure you it shall be mine also; my son's visits in this family will never be repeated; set your heart at rest; Lionel Mortimer will give you and yours no further disturbance."

"My Lord," answered the Baronet, "I am penetrated with the sense of your honorable proceedings, and the warmth with which you have expressed yourself on a subject so closely interwoven with my peace of mind; you have eased my heart of its burthen, and I shall ever be most grateful to you for it."

"Sir," replied the peer, "there is more than enough said on the subject; I dare say my son will survive the disappointment." "I dare say he will," said Sir Paul; "I never doubted the success of Mr. Lionel's attentions; I have only to hope he will direct them to some other object."

Lord Mortimer now muttered something, which Sir Paul did not hear, nor perhaps attend to, and took a hasty leave. When it is explained to the reader, that Miss Rachel had never, even in the most

distant manner, hinted the situation of her heart to her brother, on the contrary had industriously concealed it from him, this *malentendu* will not appear out of nature and probability. Lionel whose little gallantries with Louisa had not gone far enough to engage his heart, was sufficiently tired of his mercenary attachment to Miss Rachel; so that he patiently submitted to his dismissal, and readily obeyed his father's commands by a total discontinuance of his visits to Sir Paul. To the ladies of the family this behavior appeared altogether mysterious; Sir Paul kept the secret to himself, and watched Louisa very narrowly; when he found that she took no other notice of Lionel's neglect, than by remarking that she supposed he was more agreeably engaged, he began to dismiss his jealousy and regain his spirits.

It was far otherwise with the unhappy Rachel; her heart was on the rack, for though she naturally suspected her brother's jealousy of being the cause of Lionel's absence, yet she could not account for his silence towards herself in any other way than by supposing that Louisa had totally drawn off his affections from her, and this was agony not to be supported; day after day passed in anxious expectation of a letter to explain this cruel neglect, but none came; all communication with the whole family of Lord Mortimer was at a stop; no intelligence could be obtained from that quarter, and to all such enquiries as she ventured to try upon her brother, he answered socrily that she could gather nothing from him. In the mean time, as he became hourly better reconciled to Louisa, so he grew more and more cool to the miserable Rachel, who now too late discovered the fatal consequences of interfering between them, and heartily reproached herself for her officiousness in aggravating his jealousy.

While she was tormenting herself with these reflections, and when Louisa seemed to have forgotten that ever such a person as Lionel existed, a report was circulated that he was about to be married to a certain lady of great fortune, and that he was gone up with Lord Mortimer to town for that purpose. There wanted only this blow to make Rachel's agony complete; in a state of mind little short of frenzy, she betook herself to her chamber, and there shutting



herself up she gave vent to her passion in a letter fully charged with complaints and reproaches, which she committed to a trusty messenger with strict injunctions to deliver it into Lionel's own hand, and return with his answer. The commission was faithfully performed, and the following is the answer she received in return.

"MADAM,

"I am no less astonished than affected by your letter; if your brother has not long since informed you of his conference with my father and the result of it, he has acted as unjustly by you as he has by Lord Mortimer and myself. When my father waited upon Sir Paul for the express purpose of making known to him the hopes I had the ambition to entertain of rendering myself acceptable to you upon a proposal of marriage, he received at once so short and peremptory a dismissal on my behalf, that, painful as it was to my feelings, I had no part to act but silently to submit, and withdraw myself from a family where I was so unacceptable an intruder. —When I confirm the truth of the report you have heard, and inform you that my marriage took place this very morning, you will pardon me if I only add that I have the honor to be, Madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

LIONEL MORTIMER."

Every hope being extinguished by the receipt of this letter, the disconsolate Rachel became henceforth one of the most miserable of human beings. After venting a torrent of rage against her brother, she turned her back upon his house for ever, and undetermined where to fix, while at intervals she can scarce be said to be in possession of her senses, she is still wandering from place to place in search of that repose, which is not to be found, and wherever she goes exhibits a melancholy spectacle of disappointed envy and self-tormenting spleen.

From the Dartmouth Gazette.

*How this world is given to lying!*

HAVING formerly considered the freedom of speech, in which authors indulge, we shall now notice the same licence in several other characters; but must be brief on each, as we shall finish our remarks on the subject with the present number.

"Now, really, upon my honour," says the merchant, "this is the best and cheapest piece of goods I ever sold. You would appear most admirably, Miss Jenny, dressed in some of my muslins—by my soul you would captivate the school-master, the parson and lawyer of your parish, and lead them in triumph by your apron strings." — Do not believe him Jenny—it is all a lie.

You would still be a plain country girl, though arrayed in all the muslins, and bowed out in all the red ribbands his store affords.

"I am supremely glad to see you," says the cringing sycophant. "Indeed, sir, I have not enjoyed a moment's pleasure since we parted; but I am now remunerated for my past unhappiness. I have no friend like you, to whom I can unbosom myself freely. But in you there is no deceit—I had as lieve trust you as myself. You may call it flattery—but as I hope to be saved, I speak the genuine sentiments of my soul." It such a character approach a lady, whom he wishes to woo, or rather, whom he wishes to destroy, he assumes their time by his wonted artifice. But I forbear to give a specimen of his conversation, as it must be disagreeable to my fair readers, and as it is a more malicious kind of lying, than comes under my present province to describe.

"Your cause," says the pettifogger, "is very good—you will undoubtedly recover. I advise you to commence a suit immediately." Good reader, seeing you have been so foolish as to ask his advice, give him five dollars, but don't follow it.

"Indeed, Sir," says the coquettish Miss Tattle, "no man but yourself, has, or shall, find a place in my affections." Ye Gods, as Swift observes, has it come to this! What, the ladies lie! Then in truth we may exclaim, *How this world is given to lying!*

Mr. Editor, I would here moralize a little; but the evil, of which I have been treating, is so prevalent, that I know not where to begin, and am apprehensive I should be incapable of correcting it. I shall therefore leave it to your correspondents, who, with much genius and ability, fill your moral department.

I cannot but observe, Mr. Editor, that the Travellers do not form an exception from the rest of mankind, in respect to this good-natured kind of lying. We have, I believe, frequently come very near promising you essays for publication, and have finally disappointed you. For my own part, I confess I am often afraid to call for the Gazette or Tablet, lest you should *dun* me for a communication.

*The Travellers returned.*

#### ODD ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following lines, in four different languages, were scratched on the window of an inn.

In questa casa trouver te,  
Tout ce qu'on peut souhaiter,  
Vinem, panem, pisces, carnes,  
Coaches, Chaises, hofes, harnes.

#### ANECDOTE.

THE German prince Esterhazy has the largest flock of sheep possessed by any one person in any part of the world. His highness attended the Woburn sheep-shearing in 1804, when he asked the duke of Bedford, "Of what number his flock consisted." His grace replied, "Six hundred." "What number of shepherds?" The answer was "One." "Probably," said the duke, "your highness may have a flock on your estate?" "Yes," replied the illustrious foreigner, "I have, in Saxony: it consists of a hundred and fifty thousand sheep, and for the due management of which I keep eight hundred shepherds."

#### Communications.

"Hither the products of your closet-labors bring,  
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind."

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL LETTERS...N<sup>o</sup>. 2.

B—D, MAY 6, 1806.

DEAR M. Y,

THE second source of independence arises from reading, reflection, and conversation with intelligent and polite company. Reading must not be considered merely as an amusement, which may, or may not occupy the attention, as may suit the propensity of the moment, but esteemed as the only, or at least the principal mean of forming a just estimate of human life. And that one may read with advantage, early attention must be bestowed on language. It is not insisted on, that a girl shall make herself mistress of the niceties of grammar, or that she must be able to criticize on all the various modes of expression; but to read understandingly, it is necessary to acquire a general knowledge of the construction of language, which cannot be accomplished without study and close application. Too much attention is rarely given to this branch of education.

When a Miss has gained such previous instruction as may qualify her for a course of reading, much depends on the choice of books; it left to make it herself, there is danger that she may give the preference to such as, instead of being eventually beneficial to her, will contaminate her mind, and prove ruinous to her happiness. Novels and romances ought not to be read until, by maturity of judgment, she is placed beyond the danger of falling a victim to fiction by imbibing artificial sensibilities, and of suffering herself to be charmed with scenes that never had existence but in the fancy of the writer. It is not meant, however, that there are no books of the kind worth reading, or that, whilst they interest and amuse, they do not convey important



instruction; but that, when taken up indiscriminately, the young mind is exposed to be drawn into a train of thinking which in riper years will be disapproved, and viewed as a misfortune which cannot be retrieved.

The immense number of books with which the present time abounds, is rather an evil than a benefit. The number is comparatively small, which ought to be, or can be read by an individual, or in fact that is necessary to form the pleasant and interesting companion.

History and Geography are of primary importance—the former cannot be usefully read without a knowledge of the latter. A system of ancient history ought, in my opinion, to begin a course of reading; and it is necessary, while viewing the characters that were on the stage in remote antiquity, to take a view of the countries they inhabited, and at the same time to compare their history with the accounts given of them in the old testament. A girl of good understanding, and of an inquisitive turn of mind, will find it pleasant, and instead of viewing it as a task, she will esteem it an inexhaustible fund of amusement and entertainment.

P—.

#### FOR THE MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

WHERE advantages for the acquisition of literary knowledge have been very stinted, the task, of producing any thing which may claim originality, or prove interesting to the readers of the *Ladies' Cabinet*, is difficult—It has, doubtless, been discovered, that what has been communicated for their perusal in the numbers of the *SENTIMENTAL GLEANER* were not the productions of the Gleaner's pen.—My motive in these selections has been, as far as was practicable, to contribute something which I thought might amuse, and perhaps instruct, the FAIR reader—and something which had not, by most of them, been read before: if I have been so successful as to please in the preceding numbers, I am peculiarly gratified, and shall beg permission to continue them, as I feel it an incumbent duty to contribute all in my power, to the encouragement of so valuable a publication in this town, and to the general good.—It is astonishing,

‘What numbers, sheath’d in erudition, lie  
‘Plung’d to the hilts in venerable tomes,  
‘And rusted; who might have borne an edge,  
‘And play’d a brightly beam,’

in the Cabinet, had they not been, either too fearful of criticism, too pedantic, or too lazy. Possessing neither of these qualities myself, with a hope of amendment in others, I will conclude these introductory remarks, requesting the insertion of

#### Sentimental Gleaner...No. 5.

‘I have stray’d

‘Wild as the mountain bee, and cul’d a sweet

‘From every flower that beautified my way.’

READING gently lulls the perturbed spirit, yet we frequently feel an impatience arising from disappointment or despair, which too forcibly withdraws us from this best blessing. In conversing with the venerable sage, whose spirit whispers through every line, we become reconciled to unpleasant circumstances. In running back we learn, that the brave and good have ever felt in common with mankind.

There is a sweet enthusiastic melancholy that sometimes steals upon the soul, even thought itself is for a while suspended, and every scene in nature seems to wear an image of the mind. How delightful are the sensations at that time; though felt, they cannot be described; it is a kind of anticipation of those pleasures we are taught to expect hereafter; the soul seems entirely obliterated from every earthly idea, wrapped up in the contemplation of future happiness; ask yourself in one of these moments what there is in this world worth a thought.

When the mind is involved in sorrow and distress, the tender feelings of a generous friend, like the soothing notes of soft music, soften every pain, and tune every heart with notes of gratitude and joy.—Can the mind warmed with a glimmering spark of sensibility, cease to vibrate with the sweetest emotions of rapture, at the touch of friendship? She dignifies the soul with the most ennobling sensations, and inspires every heart with the refined pleasures of sociability. Her charm can soften the harsh feelings of the savage, and soothe the rude, unpolished thought, to a refined and delicate sentiment:—but look not for the sympathetic tear, the sweet emotion, the endearing intercourse, the sober and the candid counsel, the zealous assistance, the unwearied support, the unalterable fidelity, with the other lovely fruits of a heart-felt and well-rooted friendship—look not for these from such as are elated by rank, or hardened by riches, or enervated by sensuality, or carried away by the tide of folly.

When we can impart consolation to grief, we must never be remiss,—when we can allay the pang of anguish, we must not fail in our efforts,—when irremediable affliction meets our eyes, sensibility demands the tear of pity—and savage is the eye that denies the pearly tribute:—but we must not enervate the heart, and render it unfit for the task allotted, by an unreasonable indulgence of unavailing sorrow.

*The Sentimental Gleaner.*

#### NEWBURYPORT

#### Female Charitable Society.

THE MEMBERS of the NEWBURYPORT FEMALE CHARITABLE SOCIETY, and the Ladies and Gentlemen of the town generally, are informed that, agreeably to request of the Managers, a Discourse will be delivered before the Society, by the Rev. JOHN S. POPKIN, at the Rev. Mr. Dana's Meeting-house, in Federal-street, on Wednesday next, at 3 o'clock, P. M. at which time a collection will be made for the benefit of the Society's funds.—The pews in the broad aisle will be reserved for the use of the Members.—Should the weather prove unfavorable, the meeting will be deferred to the first fair day after.—[Herald.

#### Obituary.

‘Our dying friends come o’er us like a cloud,  
‘To damp our brainless ardors; and abate  
‘That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.’

Died, of a consumption, at Funchal, in the island of Madeira, Capt. MARK COFFIN, of this town, in his 26th year.—The dissolution of this amiable young man, attended with a variety of tender circumstances, excites a regret, correspondent with the general esteem and affection which attended him through life. Nor is the tribute unmerited. He promised to be a distinguished support and ornament of society. With an ingenuous disposition, a cultivated mind, and engaging deportment, he united the principles and the practice of virtue. At a period when levity and licentiousness are esteemed by too many the accomplishment, or at least, the privilege of the young, he exhibited a purity of mind, a sobriety and correctness of manners, truly exemplary. His transactions as a merchant, were marked with integrity and honor. As a son, a brother, a husband, a father, and friend, he was every thing which could render his life desirable, or his premature death a subject of deep, and almost inconsolable grief.

#### For the Ladies.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED, BY  
THOMAS & WHIPPLE,  
AND FOR SALE AT THEIR BOOK-STORE,  
Sign of Johnson's Head, Market Square,  
In a beautiful 12mo volume, on fine woven paper,  
A new and interesting work, entitled,  
Letters to a Young Lady,  
ON A COURSE OF  
English Poetry.  
BY J. AIKIN, M. D.

‘Hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,  
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth,  
Whose songs sublimely sweet, serene, & gay,  
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth:  
For well I know, wherever ye reside,  
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.—Mist.  
May 10, 1806.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING,  
IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES,  
EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH,  
BY W. & J. GILMAN,  
AT THE MAGAZINE-OFFICE,  
No. 4, Middle-street, Newburyport.



## Poetry.

FOR THE MAGAZINE.

## ODE TO HUMILITY.

Offspring of Religion mild  
To me thy influence impart;  
Take me for thy favor'd child,  
Sooth with thy looks benign my heart;  
Let, from each wayward passion free,  
My soul be all HUMILITY.

Thine is the recollected mien,  
The condescending smile serene;  
The look of artless innocence,  
The modest blush of native sense;  
For ignorance the nurse of pride,  
Beneath thy form can never hide;  
Knowledge and virtue both agree  
To take thy veil—HUMILITY.

Though truth is often thought severe,  
Yet thou may'st dare to be sincere;  
Pride grows relax'd when thou art by,  
And Envy feels her scorpion's die;  
Beauty receives new power to charm,  
And wisdom wears a softer form;  
Wit learns to please, restrain'd by thee;  
Such power has meek HUMILITY.

Learning, too apt to overbear,  
Yields to thy mild respectful air;  
Friendship, by all the world betray'd,  
Reposes in thy peaceful shade;  
Good-nature, vex'd by cold disdain,  
Thy kind attention frees from pain;  
And Folly bears from anger free  
Thy mild reproof—HUMILITY.

Does Merit pine with secret grief,  
From thee, how doubly sweet relief;  
From thee, thy bitterest foe may prove,  
The mild forgiving smile of love;  
Calm Cheerfulness, devoid of care,  
And soft Content, a rural fair,  
With all their various charms, agree  
To grace and bless HUMILITY.

But brighter beauties round thee shine,  
And sure that radiance is divine;  
The infant meekness of thy face  
Receives a more celestial grace;  
A God to save the world appears,  
The form of fallen man he wears,  
And takes his fav'rite name from thee,  
To teach the world—HUMILITY.

Offspring of Religion mild,  
To me thy influence impart;  
Take me for thy fav'rite child;  
Sooth with thy looks benign my heart;  
Let, from each wayward passion free,  
My soul be all HUMILITY.

ANN-AMELIA.

Newburyport, April 29, 1806.

## ON A VIOLET.

FAIR emblem of Modesty, beautiful flower,  
That bashfully hid'st thy sweet head;  
I pluck'd, and have kept thee but one little hour,  
And now all thy beauties have fled.

'Tis the fate of too many who leave their retreat,  
To embark upon life's ruffled sea;  
The charms of their minds, if they're ever so sweet,  
Too often, alas, fade away.

## THE FATHER:

Or, AMERICAN SHANDYISM.

A COMEDY—IN FIVE ACTS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

IN CONTINUATION.

*Ranter alone—advances.*

A CONVENIENT fellow this, he sends his wife with as little jealousy as a Frenchman. His wife is a fine woman, and as giddy and vain as I could wish; I think she will not hold out long; in the mean time I will make use of the husband's purse to defray necessary expenses, and make presents, or else my diamond must go—what does Miss Felton mean by rivetting her eyes so constantly on it? I hope she never saw it on any other finger—hang fear of detection; if I can seduce Racket's wife, marry her sister, secure her fortune, and get off, I shall—ha! my dear Mrs. Racket, good morning.

*Enter Mrs. Racket.*

Mrs. R. Good morning, Capt. Ranter.

Ran. Upon my soul you have the most elegant taste in dress that ever I saw; there never was a more enchanting undress in life.

Mrs. R. Oh yes, you flatterer! but do these dresses become me? Sincerely now, without flattery.

Ran. By all that's pretty and amiable, you look divinely: let me die, but that I see the roses come and go, I should think you had been putting on rouge this morning. I should swear nature could not shew so charming, so delicate a tint!

Mrs. R. (*aside*) Well, there is nothing like a British officer after all: (*aloud*) oh this is too gross, I am angry: you make me blush.Ran. (*aside*) I am much mistaken if you do not blush the same tint all day for all that: (*aloud*) I never was convinced of the reality of witches till I saw you.

Mrs. R. How so?

Ran. Why besides that bewitching power you have over every heart; (*takes her hand, she draws it away and frowns*) you, you, you must deal with the devil, to get these English fashions so soon; for, as I live, you exhibit the modes of Westminster at New York, before they have got to other side Tew plebar.

Mrs. R. I never wore it but once before today, and then there was so many ill-natured observations made, that it was delightful. Meekly always makes it her business to come and tell all the remarks that are made upon me that she thinks will mortify, with a pretended friendly officiousness; but she quite mistakes my feelings: "Law," says one, "what an out of the way thing Mrs. Racket has got on; that woman tries to deform herself, though there's little need;" Says another, "why the thing would look well enough if it was on a person of tolerable shape, and put on with any taste;" Aye, cries the third, "she has always some extravagant new dress or other, we shall have her husband calling his creditors together for a shilling in the pound."

Ran. Ha! ha! ha! envy is the shadow, Madam, that always attends superior elegance or taste of any kind—but apropos, the ball last night.

Mrs. R. Oh! ah! don't you think we have a very curious set of originals in our city? We are a match for the most polish'd people in Europe; we can shew you lawyers without common sense, soldiers without courage, gentlemen without politeness, and virtuous ladies without modesty.

Ran. You have some very pretty fellows.

Mrs. R. Yes; there is Jacky Prig, with his arch'd eye-brows and white teeth; I protest I am ready to scream out in his face when he advances to speak with me—and Billy Simper too. (*Rack. without*) It is not to be borne, nor shall it.

Mrs. R. Oh heavens! what's the matter?

*Enter Rack. putting on his coat, and a silk handkerchief about his neck.*  
Rack. Never was man plagued with such mulish people about him—all the plagues of hell are combined to torment me.

Mrs. R. Bless me, what's the matter?—I shall faint—

Rack. Faint!—you faint?—

Ran. Lean on me, Madam—for shame Racket, for shame, consider it is a lady you are speaking to, and your wife.

Rack. Yes, Sir, she is my wife—racks and tortures—she is my wife—I shall go mad.

Mrs. R. Why Mr. Racket what's the matter?

Rack. The matter, Madam—why you or some of you, have sent me a shirt without buttons to the collar—not one button—do you mean to insult me, Madam? Most my time be taken up with changing shirts and buttoning collars?

Mrs. R. Is that all, Sir?

Rack. All!—Sufannah! all indeed!—(*Sufannah enters.*)—Sufy get me a shirt, and examine if the buttons are on the collar—if you please; be quick, Sufy—all indeed. [*Exit with Suf.*]

Mrs. R. Oh, Sir, that you should be witness to such a scene.

Ran. Let not that distress you, Madam, we are all subject to our passions—his (speaking so tenderly to Sufannah, must have been only to mortify you—for, though she is a handsome girl, he certainly cannot be such a villain.

Mrs. R. Have you a smelling bottle Sir?

Ran. Yes, Madam, pray lean on me.

Mrs. R. (*leaning on Ran.*) I die with shame.

Ran. Confide in me, Madam, I have the tenderest feelings for your wrongs, was I—

*Enter Col. Duncan, and Cartridge with a portmanteau.*

Col. Cartridge, we have got in the wrong house!

Ran. Curse the intrusion! (*Both confused.*)

Col. I humbly beg pardon, Madam, I mistook this house for Mr. Racket's.

Car. Your honour, you are right; I am afraid Madam mistook that gentleman for her husband, though—

Col. What, Cartridge! yes, it is Maria—I am sorry, Madam, that I should interrupt so familiar a tele-a-tele.

Ran. Sir, by what authority?

Col. Young man, speak when you are spoken to. Where's your husband, Maria?

Mrs. R. I fear, Sir, these unfortunate appearances will hurt me in your good opinion; but when you know the cause of my—

Col. Cause!—cause for leaning in the arms of such a companion! I would at least have shut the door.

Mrs. R. Sir, your ungenerous constructions rouse my resentment.

Ran. Permit me, Madam, to resent this indignity.—Damn me, Sir—

Col. With all my heart, Sir; who are you? Take care, boy; I may perhaps at this time be too easily provoked to punish insolence as it deserves.

Car. (*During the colonel's speech, handles his sword.*) Your honour, if there were two of them.*Enter Rack, speaking.*Rack. Heyday! what's the noise now? Oh, Colonel, I am very glad to see you, Sir:—(*aside*) What has brought him this way?

Col. Who is this young man?

Rack. My friend, Capt. Ranter, Sir.

Col. Friend, Captain. (*contemptuously.*)

Ran. Old gentleman, you shall hear from me: Come, Madam, this accident need not stop our walk.

Mrs. R. I will go with pleasure—I shall not trouble myself to explain matters any farther: come Captain. [*Exit Mrs. R. and Ran.*]Car. Captain!—I thought we had some bad enough. [*Follows and exit.*]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]